PANIC

NO. 8

DEC 2.50

3.65 CANADA

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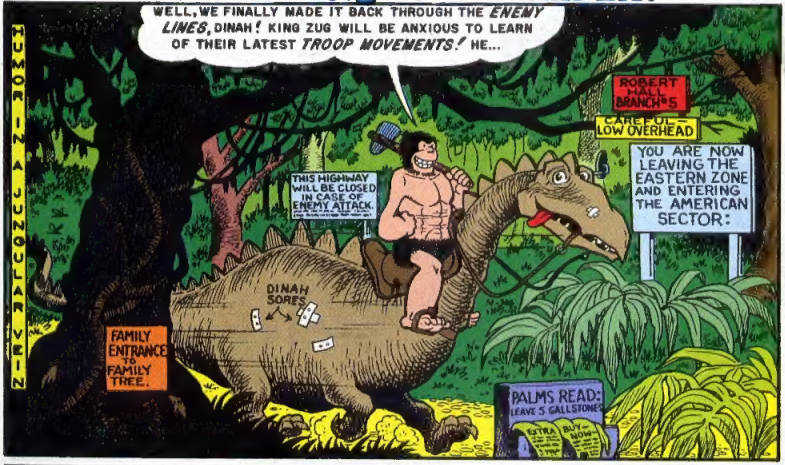
THIS IS NO MAGAZINE.

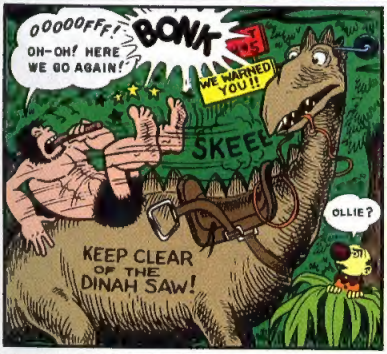
THIS IS HUMOR IN A VARICOSE VEIN. AND IF YOU'RE CLOSE ENOUGH TO READ THIS LITTLE TYPE, THEN YOU'RE CLOSE ENOUGH TO BUY IT ALREADY!

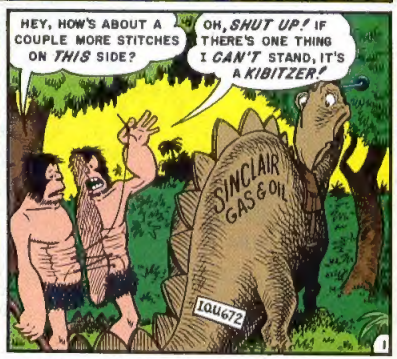
STONE-AGE-TYPE COMIC STRIPS DEPT. (AN ENGLISH-SPEAKING NEANDERTHAL MAN FOR A HERO, DIVISION): YOU'RE PROBABLY ALL FAMILIAR WITH *THIS* CARTOON STRIP, THE ONE DEVOTED TO *PREHISTORIC MONSTERS, PILTDOWN PUNSTERS,* AND *AB-ORIGINAL JOKES.* SO LET'S ALL HOP INTO *DR. LOSTPUSS'S* AMAZING *TIME-MACHINE* AND ZIP BACK OVER THE CENTURIES... BACK MILLIONS OF YEARS...TO THAT MYTHICAL KINGDOM OF *WOOLA*... AND TAKE A SATIRICAL LOOK AT THAT *MESOZOIC MESS*...

IRVING OOPS

BY LO. HEMLINE OOPS! I MEAN ELDER.


WELL, WE FINALLY MADE IT BACK THROUGH THE *ENEMY LINES*, DINAH! KING ZUG WILL BE ANXIOUS TO LEARN OF THEIR LATEST *TROOP MOVEMENTS!* HE...
ROBERT HALL BRANCH 5
CAREFUL — LOW OVERHEAD
YOU ARE NOW LEAVING THE EASTERN ZONE AND ENTERING THE AMERICAN SECTOR:
THIS HIGHWAY WILL BE CLOSED IN CASE OF ENEMY ATTACK.
DINAH SORES
FAMILY ENTRANCE TO FAMILY TREE.
PALMS READ: LEAVE 5 GALLSTONES
EXTRA BUT NOW!
Z-IK 3AFCOZCC A Z- 30ZCH




HEY, HOW'S ABOUT A COUPLE MORE STITCHES ON *THIS* SIDE?
OH, *SHUT UP!* IF THERE'S ONE THING I *CAN'T* STAND, IT'S A *KIBITZER!*
SINCLAIR GAS & OIL
IQU672
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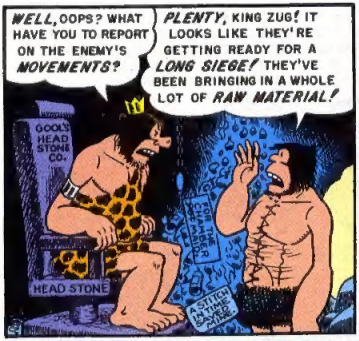
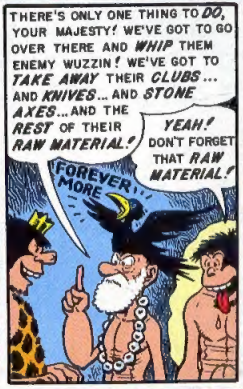
Panic (USPS 009306) Vol. 1, No. 8, December 1998. Published quarterly by Gemstone Publishing, #4 Court Square, West Plains, MO 65775-3532. **Periodicals postage paid at West Plains, MO.** Entire contents © 1998 by William M. Gaines, Agent, Inc. Panic #8 © 1955 by Tiny Tot Comics, Inc., re © 1981 by William M. Gaines, Agent, Inc. All rights reserved. Nothing herein contained may be reproduced without the written permission of William M. Gaines, New York, New York. Annual subscription rate $10 ($16 outside US payable in US funds). Printed in Canada. **Postmaster: send address changes to Panic, Gemstone, PO Box 469, West Plains, MO 65775-0469.**


WELL, OOPS? WHAT HAVE YOU TO REPORT ON THE ENEMY'S MOVEMENTS?
PLENTY, KING ZUG! IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE GETTING READY FOR A LONG SIEGE! THEY'VE BEEN BRINGING IN A WHOLE LOT OF RAW MATERIAL!
GOOL'S HEAD STONE CO.
HEAD STONE
A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE

RAW MATERIAL, EH? WHAT KIND OF RAW MATERIAL?
THE REAL GOOD STUFF, KINGY! MARILYN MONROE CALENDARS... ILLUSTRATED COMIC BOOKS (THE KIND CAVEMEN LIKE)...
SAY! THAT IS PRETTY RAW MATERIAL!
GOOL'S HEAD STO
SEWER TUNNELS
MIDDLE EAST
PANIC

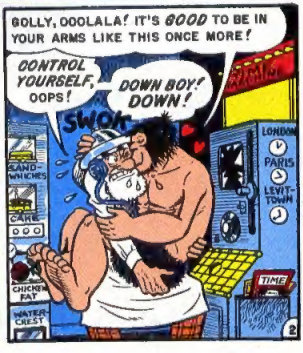
HMM! THIS CALLS FOR A COUNCIL OF WAR! GOT ANY IDEAS ON THE SUBJECT, GRAND BUDWIZER?
I'LL SAY!
HOW'RE YOU FIXED FOR BLONDES? AWWK!
WESTERN WESTERNERS
BOILING CUD

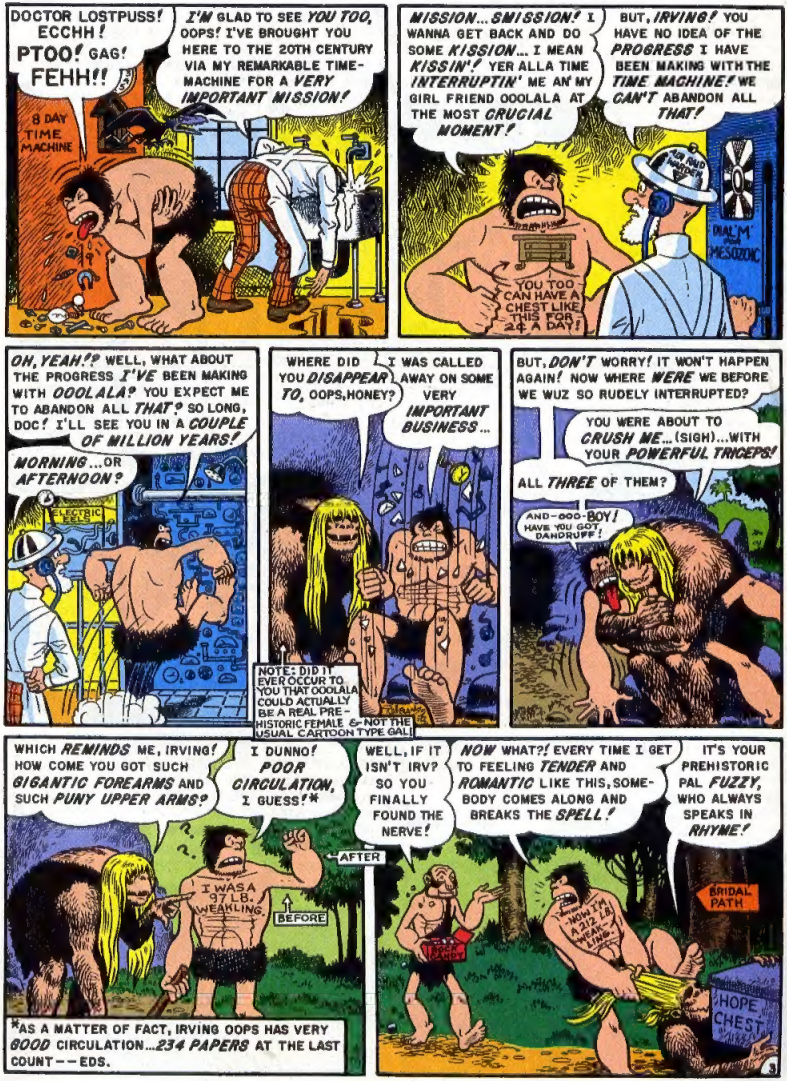

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO, YOUR MAJESTY! WE'VE GOT TO GO OVER THERE AND WHIP THEM ENEMY WUZZIN! WE'VE GOT TO TAKE AWAY THEIR CLUBS... AND KNIVES... AND STONE AXES... AND THE REST OF THEIR RAW MATERIAL!
FOREVER MORE
YEAH! DON'T FORGET THAT RAW MATERIAL!

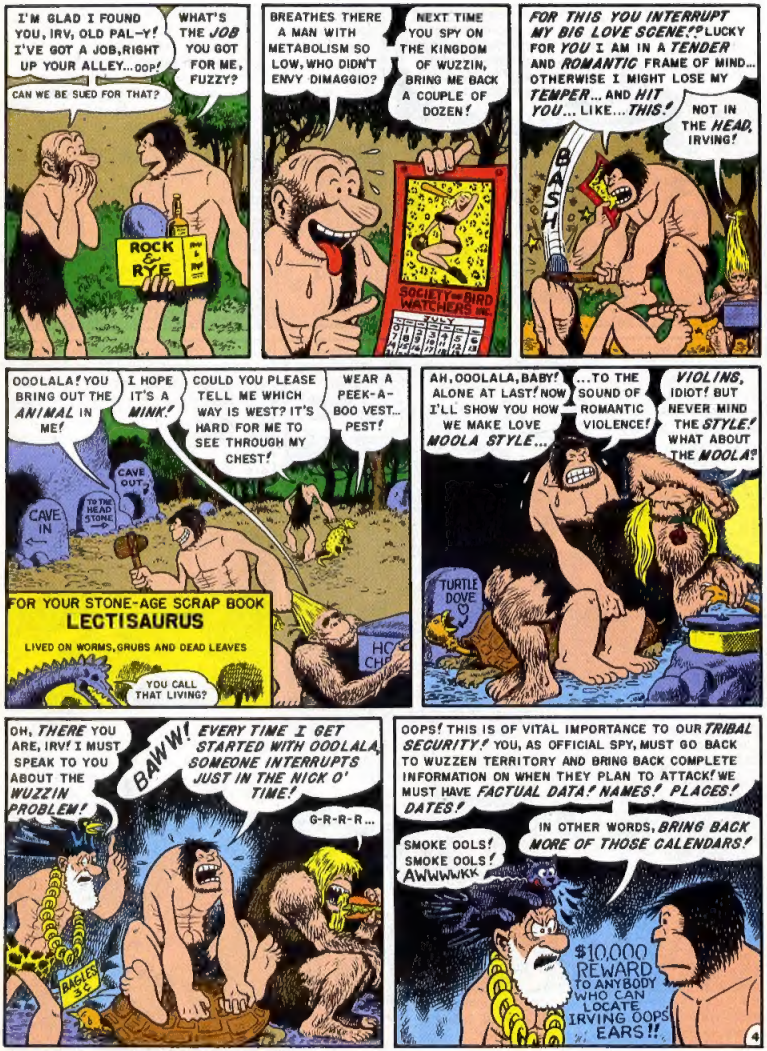
YOO-HOO! IRVING, DOLL! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU TO COME BACK!
OOOLALA?!
WE DO COPPING
FOR YOUR STONE-AGE SCRAPBOOK!
BRONTOSAURUS
ROAMED THE EARTH 86,000,000 YEARS AGO (GIVE OR TAKE A FEW WEEKS!)

OH, IRVING! CRUSH ME IN THOSE STRONG MANLY FOREARMS OF YOURS!
ALL FOUR OF THEM?
1000,000 B.C. HEAD ACHE TABLETS

FLASH!


GOLLY, OOOLALA! IT'S GOOD TO BE IN YOUR ARMS LIKE THIS ONCE MORE!
CONTROL YOURSELF, OOPS!
DOWN BOY! DOWN!
SWOK
SAND-WICHES
CAKE
CHICKEN FAT
WATER-CREST
LONDON
PARIS
LEVIT-TOWN
TIME

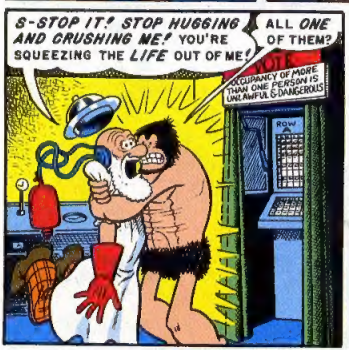

DOCTOR LOSTPUSS! ECCHH! PTOO! GAG! FEHH!!
I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU TOO, OOPS! I'VE BROUGHT YOU HERE TO THE 20TH CENTURY VIA MY REMARKABLE TIME-MACHINE FOR A VERY IMPORTANT MISSION!
8 DAY TIME MACHINE
MISSION... SMISSION! I WANNA GET BACK AND DO SOME KISSION... I MEAN KISSIN'! YER ALLA TIME INTERRUPTIN' ME AN' MY GIRL FRIEND OOOLALA AT THE MOST CRUCIAL MOMENT!
BUT, IRVING! YOU HAVE NO IDEA OF THE PROGRESS I HAVE BEEN MAKING WITH THE TIME MACHINE! WE CAN'T ABANDON ALL THAT!
AIR RAID WARDEN
DIAL 'M' FOR MESOZOIC
YOU TOO CAN HAVE A CHEST LIKE THIS FOR 24 A DAY!
OH, YEAH!? WELL, WHAT ABOUT THE PROGRESS I'VE BEEN MAKING WITH OOOLALA? YOU EXPECT ME TO ABANDON ALL THAT? SO LONG, DOC! I'LL SEE YOU IN A COUPLE OF MILLION YEARS!
MORNING... OR AFTERNOON?
ELECTRIC
WHERE DID YOU DISAPPEAR TO, OOPS, HONEY?
I WAS CALLED AWAY ON SOME VERY IMPORTANT BUSINESS...
NOTE: DID IT EVER OCCUR TO YOU THAT OOOLALA COULD ACTUALLY BE A REAL PRE-HISTORIC FEMALE & NOT THE USUAL CARTOON TYPE GAL!
BUT, DON'T WORRY! IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN! NOW WHERE WERE WE BEFORE WE WUZ SO RUDELY INTERRUPTED?
YOU WERE ABOUT TO CRUSH ME... (SIGH)... WITH YOUR POWERFUL TRICEPS!
ALL THREE OF THEM?
AND-OOO-BOY! HAVE YOU GOT DANDRUFF!
WHICH REMINDS ME, IRVING! HOW COME YOU GOT SUCH GIGANTIC FOREARMS AND SUCH PUNY UPPER ARMS?
I DUNNO! POOR CIRCULATION, I GUESS!*
I WAS A 97 LB. WEAKLING
BEFORE
AFTER
*AS A MATTER OF FACT, IRVING OOPS HAS VERY GOOD CIRCULATION... 234 PAPERS AT THE LAST COUNT -- EDS.
WELL, IF IT ISN'T IRV? SO YOU FINALLY FOUND THE NERVE!
NOW WHAT?! EVERY TIME I GET TO FEELING TENDER AND ROMANTIC LIKE THIS, SOMEBODY COMES ALONG AND BREAKS THE SPELL!
IT'S YOUR PREHISTORIC PAL FUZZY, WHO ALWAYS SPEAKS IN RHYME!
BRICK CANDY
NOW I'M A 212 LB. WEAKLING
BRIDAL PATH
HOPE CHEST
3

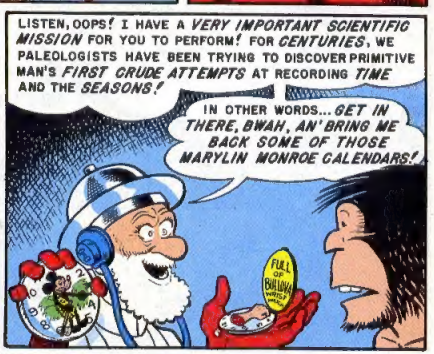

I'M GLAD I FOUND YOU, IRV, OLD PAL—Y! I'VE GOT A JOB, RIGHT UP YOUR ALLEY... OOP!
WHAT'S THE JOB YOU GOT FOR ME, FUZZY?
CAN WE BE SUED FOR THAT?
ROCK & RYE
BREATHES THERE A MAN WITH METABOLISM SO LOW, WHO DIDN'T ENVY DIMAGGIO?
NEXT TIME YOU SPY ON THE KINGDOM OF WUZZIN, BRING ME BACK A COUPLE OF DOZEN!
SOCIETY OF BIRD WATCHERS
FOR THIS YOU INTERRUPT MY BIG LOVE SCENE!? LUCKY FOR YOU I AM IN A TENDER AND ROMANTIC FRAME OF MIND... OTHERWISE I MIGHT LOSE MY TEMPER... AND HIT YOU... LIKE... THIS!
NOT IN THE HEAD, IRVING!
BASH
OOOLALA! YOU BRING OUT THE ANIMAL IN ME!
I HOPE IT'S A MINK!
COULD YOU PLEASE TELL ME WHICH WAY IS WEST? IT'S HARD FOR ME TO SEE THROUGH MY CHEST!
WEAR A PEEK-A-BOO VEST... PEST!
CAVE IN
CAVE OUT
TO THE HEAD STONE
FOR YOUR STONE-AGE SCRAP BOOK
LECTISAURUS
LIVED ON WORMS, GRUBS AND DEAD LEAVES
YOU CALL THAT LIVING?
HO CHI
AH, OOOLALA, BABY! ALONE AT LAST! NOW I'LL SHOW YOU HOW WE MAKE LOVE MOOLA STYLE...
...TO THE SOUND OF ROMANTIC VIOLENCE!
VIOLINS, IDIOT! BUT NEVER MIND THE STYLE! WHAT ABOUT THE MOOLA?
TURTLE DOVE
OH, THERE YOU ARE, IRV! I MUST SPEAK TO YOU ABOUT THE WUZZIN PROBLEM!
BAWW! EVERY TIME I GET STARTED WITH OOOLALA, SOMEONE INTERRUPTS JUST IN THE NICK O' TIME!
G-R-R-R...
BAGELS 3¢
OOPS! THIS IS OF VITAL IMPORTANCE TO OUR TRIBAL SECURITY! YOU, AS OFFICIAL SPY, MUST GO BACK TO WUZZEN TERRITORY AND BRING BACK COMPLETE INFORMATION ON WHEN THEY PLAN TO ATTACK! WE MUST HAVE FACTUAL DATA! NAMES! PLACES! DATES!
IN OTHER WORDS, BRING BACK MORE OF THOSE CALENDARS!
SMOKE OOLS! SMOKE OOLS! AWWWWKK
$10,000 REWARD TO ANYBODY WHO CAN LOCATE IRVING OOPS EARS!!
4

LISSEN, BUDWIZER! WILL YUH STOP BOTHERIN' ME WITH THOSE FURSHLUGGINER CALENDARS ALREADY!
SMEK

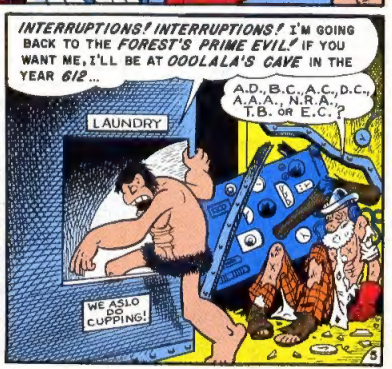
NOW, WHERE WERE WE OOOLALA? OH, YEAH! I WAS ABOUT TO CRUSH YOU IN MY BRAWNY BICEPS!
ALL TWO OF THEM?
WRESTLING NEXT WEEK: MADMAN MINTZ VS GRAMMA MOSES
MISS ECTHHHOF 1,000,000 B.C.

V-E-E-P!

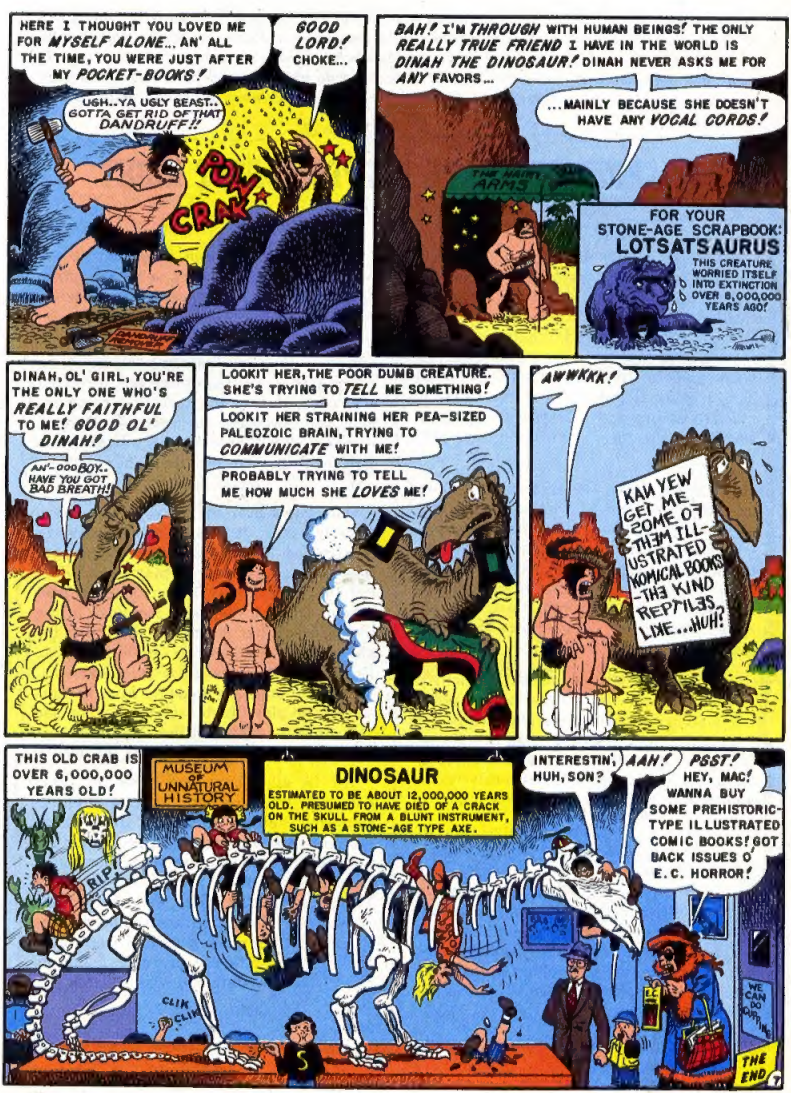

S-STOP IT! STOP HUGGING AND CRUSHING ME! YOU'RE SQUEEZING THE LIFE OUT OF ME!
ALL ONE OF THEM?
OCCUPANCY OF MORE THAN ONE PERSON IS UNLAWFUL & DANGEROUS
ROW


LISTEN, OOPS! I HAVE A VERY IMPORTANT SCIENTIFIC MISSION FOR YOU TO PERFORM! FOR CENTURIES, WE PALEOLOGISTS HAVE BEEN TRYING TO DISCOVER PRIMITIVE MAN'S FIRST CRUDE ATTEMPTS AT RECORDING TIME AND THE SEASONS!
IN OTHER WORDS... GET IN THERE, BWAH, AN' BRING ME BACK SOME OF THOSE MARYLIN MONROE CALENDARS!
FULL OF BULLWA WHITE WINE

WILL YOU PEOPLE CUT IT OUT WITH THOSE FARSHIMILT CALENDARS ALREADY!
ONE OF THESE PANELS, I'M GOING TO LOSE MY TEMPER... LIKE THIS!
NOT IN THE STOMACH, IRVING!
TILT
1,000,000 B.C.
500,000 B.C.
100,000 B.C.
10,000 B.C.
5000
100
1000 A.D.
300 A.D.


INTERRUPTIONS! INTERRUPTIONS! I'M GOING BACK TO THE FOREST'S PRIME EVIL! IF YOU WANT ME, I'LL BE AT OOOLALA'S CAVE IN THE YEAR 612...
A.D., B.C., A.C., D.C., A.A.A., N.R.A., T.B. OR E.C.?
LAUNDRY
WE ASLO DO CUPPING!

AH, HERE COMES IRVING...BACK FROM THE 20TH CENTURY! I'D RECOGNIZE HIS MANLY PHYSIQUE ANYWHERE... THOSE POWERFUL FOOTBALL-SHAPED CALVES AND FOREARMS... THOSE SPAGHETTI-SHAPED THIGHS AND UPPER ARMS! IN OTHER WORDS... WADDA PILT-DOWN!
HOW TO GET RID OF HAIR FROM UNWANTED AREAS
YOU AREN'T DISTRICT
OH, DARLING, IT'S SO WONDERFUL TO SEE YOU'RE BACK!
IT'S NICE T'SEE YERS TOO, HONEY!
SMACK
KISS
WIPE FEET!
HEY! YOU'RE NOT IRVING OOPS! YOU'RE POOPIK, THE SAILOR MAN!
I YAM WHAT I YAM AN' THAT'S ALL THAT I YAM!
125TH ST. FERRY
GENUINE IMITATION SEE JACKSON
WHAT ARE YOU DOING BACK HERE, POOPIK?
I JUS' DROPPED BY T'SEE IF OOPS COULD GET ME SOME OF THEM ILLUSTRATED COMIKAL BOOKS! YOU KNOW! THE KINE SAILOR MEN LIKE! CLK! CLK!
WHA...?
CHIKEE! CHIKEE!
CRUNCH MEST
FOR YOUR STONE-AGE SCRAPBOOK: SPECTOSAURUS
YUM SPINACH!
LIVED ON SEAWEED, LEAVES, AND OTHER GREENERY
HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE T' TELL YOU TO KEEP YOUR CARTOON-PICKIN' HANDS OFFA MY STRIP?
THAT'S NICE, BUT DON'T FIGHT!
ABANDON SHIP— WE'RE SINKING FAST!!!
WHUMFF
WELL, OOOLALA! THERE'S NO ONE LEFT TO INTER-RUPT US NOW! I'VE KILLED OFF FUZZY, BUDWIZER, KING ZUG, DOC LOSTPUSS, AND POOPIK THE SAILOR!
SO WHO'S WATCH-ING THE STORE!?
-AN' BOY- HAVE YOU STILL GOT DANDRUFF!
PING PONG
BEAUTY TIPS— REMOVING WRINKLES
NOW THAT WE ARE COMPLETELY ALONE, I'D LIKE TO ASK YOU TO DO ME A FAVOR, IRVING!
ANYTHIN', HONEY! ANYTHIN'!
NEXT TIME YOU'RE IN WUZZIN, WOULD YOU PICK ME UP A NICE POCKETBOOK?
SURE, BABY! WHAT KIND DO YOU LIKE? THEY GOT LIZARD... TROLOGDYTE... WOOLY RHINOCEROUS...
NO! NO! I MEAN THE OTHER KIND OF POCKET BOOK...THE KIND NEANDERTHAL WOMEN LIKE!
6


HERE I THOUGHT YOU LOVED ME FOR MYSELF ALONE... AN' ALL THE TIME, YOU WERE JUST AFTER MY POCKET-BOOKS!
GOOD LORD! CHOKE...
UGH..YA UGLY BEAST.. GOTTA GET RID OF THAT DANDRUFF!!
POW!
CRAK
BAH! I'M THROUGH WITH HUMAN BEINGS! THE ONLY REALLY TRUE FRIEND I HAVE IN THE WORLD IS DINAH THE DINOSAUR! DINAH NEVER ASKS ME FOR ANY FAVORS...
...MAINLY BECAUSE SHE DOESN'T HAVE ANY VOCAL CORDS!
TAR BABY ARMS
FOR YOUR STONE-AGE SCRAPBOOK: LOTSATSAURUS
THIS CREATURE WORRIED ITSELF INTO EXTINCTION OVER 8,000,000 YEARS AGO!
DINAH, OL' GIRL, YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO'S REALLY FAITHFUL TO ME! GOOD OL' DINAH!
AW-OOOBOY.. HAVE YOU GOT BAD BREATH!!
LOOKIT HER, THE POOR DUMB CREATURE. SHE'S TRYING TO TELL ME SOMETHING!
LOOKIT HER STRAINING HER PEA-SIZED PALEOZOIC BRAIN, TRYING TO COMMUNICATE WITH ME!
PROBABLY TRYING TO TELL ME HOW MUCH SHE LOVES ME!
AWWKKK!
KAN YEW GET ME SOME O7 THEM ILL-USTRATED KOMICAL BOOKS -THE KIND REPTILES LIKE...HUH!
THIS OLD CRAB IS OVER 6,000,000 YEARS OLD!
MUSEUM OF UNNATURAL HISTORY
DINOSAUR
ESTIMATED TO BE ABOUT 12,000,000 YEARS OLD. PRESUMED TO HAVE DIED OF A CRACK ON THE SKULL FROM A BLUNT INSTRUMENT, SUCH AS A STONE-AGE TYPE AXE.
INTERESTIN', HUH, SON?
AAH!
PSST! HEY, MAC! WANNA BUY SOME PREHISTORIC-TYPE ILLUSTRATED COMIC BOOKS! GOT BACK ISSUES O' E.C. HORROR!
RIP!
CLIK CLIK
WE CAN DO BUSINESS
THE END
7

Continuing with its policy of presenting samples of the kinds of journalistic efforts the American people are subjected to in their daily newspapers, Panic magazine now brings you its impression of the critical-review type column. The guy who writes this gem is usually a frustrated actor, playwrite, or director who unleashes his fury over failure at the more talented and successful of these professions. His column is usually called something like:

IT SHOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED LAST NIGHT

by Basil Metabolism

An exceptionally dramatic and artistic new play might have been presented at the Broadhussy Theater last night. But it wasn't. The curtain, a dismal grey velveteen affair with moth holes, patches, and a chattle mortgage, instead arose on a masterpiece of drivel entitled "Love me, love my Psychiatrist." It needn't have bothered. What ensued was the worst production I have ever received free tickets to. The script should have been buried, it was that dead. As it was, thirteen talented actors and actresses desperately wandered over the stage looking for a plot for it.

Irving Potrzebie, the unfortunate young man who calls himself the author of this monstrosity, has woven a thinly constructed veil around the age-old eternal triangle theme, with a Psychiatrist playing the part of the hypotenuse. Needless to say, this innovation lends nothing to the performance except some Freudian quotations that don't even apply to the action.

The director, Melvin Smedly, amazingly enough, did wonders with absolutely nothing. Melvin is an exceptionally gifted young man. He is sure to go places on Broadway. He is sure to be rich and famous. He'd better be, as my daughter has expensive taste and they're getting married next week.

The star, Ingrid Vienershnitzel, one of Bavaria's most beautiful dramatic actresses, who doesn't speak a word of English, delivered her phonetic lines admirably. As the neurotic wife, her performance was astonishing and convincing. Especially when she screamed and shrieked and stamped her feet and scratched the face of that man in the fourth row who coughed during her one short speech.

The lighting was brilliant. During the scene in the Psychiatrist's office, when everything was suddenly thrown into utter confusion, due to the fact that the prop man had forgotten the necessary box of Kleenex, Miss Vienershnitzel was saved by a clever electrician who threw her his lens-rag.

One cannot overlook the sets. They were cleverly conceived and even more cleverly constructed. The use of the revolving portion of the stage as a long-play record, during the scene where Miss Vienershnitzel dreams she is a magnetic cartridge in the tone-arm of her husband's high fidelity phonograph, was a stroke of sheer genius. I do hope, though, that a more suitable arrangement might be made for Miss Vienershnitzel to play "Lieberstraum," when she returns to the cast after her stay in the hospital, than by using her nose as the needle.

All in all, "Love me, love my Psychiatrist" was a pathetic attempt at entertainment. Neither the acting, the brilliant direction, the exceptional lighting, nor the fine settings could save the thoroughly miserable script. I always knew Irving Potrzebie couldn't write, even back when we were in college together and he won the drama prize and I didn't. I remember the play I wrote for my entry. Just to show you how unfair it was, I'll tell you

(*cont. on pg. 73*)

HIGH CLASS CULTURE DEPT. (MUSIC WITH WORDS YOU CAN'T UNDERSTAND 'CAUSE THEY'RE IN A FOREIGN LANGUAGE DIVISION): THERE'S BEEN TOO MUCH *TALK* LATELY ABOUT *COMIC BOOKS DISCOURAGING* THE YOUNGER READER FROM DEVELOPING A TASTE FOR THE MORE *ESTHETIC ART FORMS*. IN ORDER TO *SPIKE* THIS NASTY RUMOR, *PANIC MAGAZINE* DEVOTES THE NEXT SIX PAGES TO THE SPIRITUALLY UPLIFTING MEDIUM OF *GRAND OPERA*, AND PRESENTS, FOR YOUR EDIFICATION AND ENJOYMENT, BIZET'S IMMORTAL...

CARMEN

AND *PAY ATTENTION!*...BECAUSE THERE WILL BE *QUESTIONS* ASKED LATER ON! (...PROBABLY BY A *SENATE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE!*)

DON'T BLAME THIS ON JOE ORLANDO— HE ONLY DREW IT! (FOR MONEY)

TOODLE-OO! SQUEE-AWK

BIZET DAY! BIZET DAY! BIZET, BIZET, BIZET DAY! NO *TIME*... TO *MAKE*... DESSERT!

BLUBBDA TLING! BAP

BOOM!

MY DOG HAS FLEA'S

YEOOO-OW

FOR THAT EXTRA ADDED *CULTURAL TOUCH*, WE HAVE ENLISTED THE SERVICE OF THAT WORLD FAMOUS OPERA DEVOTEE, *MR. MELVIN KROSS*, WHO WILL EXPLAIN THE *LIBRETTO* OF THE OPERA, AS IT PROCEEDS, TO ALL US *UNCULTURED SLOBS*...

GOOD EVENING, OPERA LOVERS...AND ALL YOU *UNCULTURED SLOBS!* HERE WE ARE AT NEW YORK'S FAMOUS *"MET"* WHERE WE ARE ABOUT TO WITNESS THE *3468TH PERFORMANCE* OF THAT IMMORTAL TALE OF *PASSION*... AND *SLASHIN'*... *CARMEN!*

"...AND I *DO* BELIEVE THE *PERFORMANCE* IS ABOUT TO GET UNDER *WAY*. THE MUSICANS HAVE FINISHED TUNING THEIR *INSTRUMENTS*. THE PERFORMERS ARE TAKING THEIR PLACES *BACKSTAGE*. THE CONDUCTOR IS RAPPING FOR *ATTENTION*. HE'S LIFTING HIS *BATON*. THE HOUSE LIGHTS ARE *DIMMING*..."

TAP! TAP! TAP!

"THE HOUSE LIGHTS ARE *STILL DIMMING!* THEY'RE GETTING *DIMMER* AND *DIMMER!*... AND *DIMMER*... AND...*OOPS!*"

WHA' *HOPPEN?*

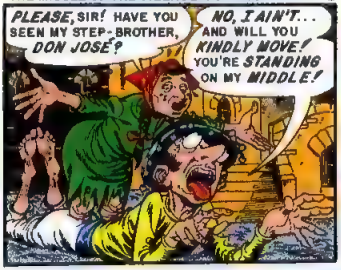
I *TOLD* YOU TO SEND THAT *CHECK* TO THE *ELECTRIC COMPANY*, MR. BING!

??

JOHN! JOHN!

MARSHA! MARSHA!

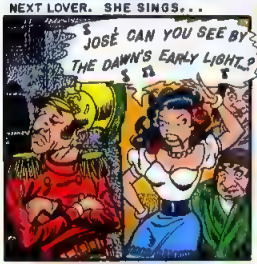
AND NOW, THE CURTAIN RISES ON ACT I OF 'CARMEN'! THE SETTING IS SEVILLE. THE YEAR IS 1820. A PEASANT GIRL, MICHAELA, STANDS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE VILLAGE SQUARE. SHE ASKS...



THE NOON WHISTLE FRIGHTENS MICHAELA AND SHE RUNS OFF-STAGE AS THE GAY, CAREFREE CIGARETTE ROLLERS RUSH OUT OF THE FACTORY FOR LUNCH, GIVING VENT TO THEIR JOY WITH THE ROLLICKING AIR: *LA POMMEIR VERTE EST DANS LE JARDIN*... KNOWN IN ENGLISH AS: *"COME, JOSEPHINE, IT GIVES FREE NICOTINE"*...

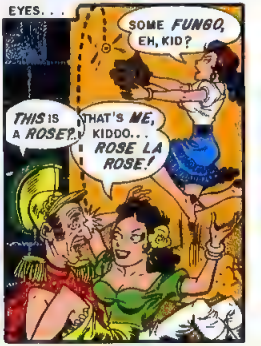
CANCER-FREE CIGARETTE CO. A FREE CANCER IN EVERY PACK
REG. SIZE
KING SIZE
TWOO-EE KOFF! KOFF!
BREAK THE HOT CIGARETTE HABIT! — SMOKE THEM UNLIT!

AT THIS POINT, THE TEMPESTUOUS CARMEN MAKES HER ENTRANCE. SHE IS EASILY THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF THE CIGARETTE ROLLERS. SHE SPIES DON JOSÉ, A CORPORAL IN THE SPANISH ARMY, AND DECIDES THEN AND THERE THAT HE WILL BE HER NEXT LOVER. SHE SINGS...

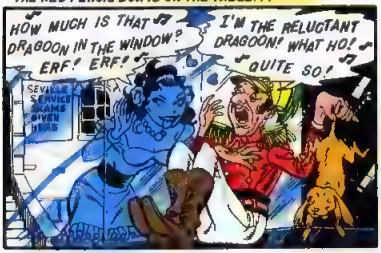


HER WILD GYPSY PASSION AROUSED BY THE SIGHT OF THIS HANDSOME DRAGOON, CARMEN TOSSES DON JOSÉ A ROSE IN AN ATTEMPT TO CATCH HIS EYE...

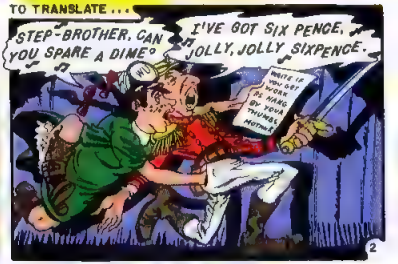
...WHICH SHE MANAGES TO DO, DESPITE HAVING THE SUN IN HER EYES...



BUT THE DASHING CORPORAL SHOWS NO INTEREST IN THE FIERY GYPSY AND TELLS HER SO IN NO UNCERTAIN TERMS ...WHICH IS EXPRESSED IN THE LILTING ARIA: *"L'AMOUR EST UNE OISEAU REBELLE"*. ENGLISH TRANSLATION: *"THE RED PENCIL BOX IS ON THE TABLE."*.



JUST THEN, MICHAELA, DON JOSÉ'S STEP-SISTER, REAPPEARS WITH A MESSAGE FROM THEIR POOR OLD MOTHER. THE TWO THEN SING THE LYRICAL DUET: *"LE RENARD ROUGE PREND LA POULE BLANCHE ET GRISE"*... WHICH IS IMPOSSIBLE TO TRANSLATE...



CARMEN, MEANWHILE, REBUFFED BY THE HANDSOME DON JOSÉ, RELIEVES HER PENT-UP FRUSTRATION BY PLAYFULLY TAKING IT OUT ON A FELLOW CIGARETTE ROLLER. CARMEN ACCOMPLISHES THIS BY SLIPPING A SHIV BETWEEN HER 7TH AND 8TH RIBS... WHICH INSPIRES THE GIRL TO GIVE VOICE TO THE TRAGIC LAMENT...

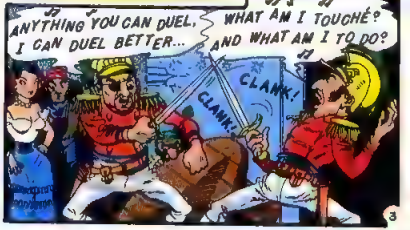
DON JOSÉ, LEFT TO GUARD THE CAPTURED CARMEN, BEGINS TO WEAKEN UNDER THE BEGUILING SPELL OF THIS TANTALIZING GYPSY. HE JOINS HER IN THE MELODIC: *"VOTRE CRÊPE JE PEUX VOUS LE RENDRE"*... OR *"YOU DO, AND YOU'LL CLEAN IT UP..."*

DON JOSÉ, BY NOW COMPLETELY BEWITCHED BY CARMEN'S CHARMS, ALLOWS HER TO ESCAPE, BUT NOT BEFORE ARRANGING A RENDEZVOUS THAT EVENING AT THE LOCAL CABARET. ... AND WITH THAT, THE CURTAIN FALLS ON ACT I...

ACT II TAKES PLACE IN LILLAS PASTIA'S TAVERN... A VERITABLE DEN OF THIEVES, CUT-THROATS, AND COMIC BOOK ARTISTS. AS THE CURTAIN RISES, WE FIND CARMEN GIVING AN IMPROMTU DANCE IN HONOR OF ESCAMILLO, THE VAIN, FEARLESS TOREADOR... THE IDOL OF ALL SPAIN...

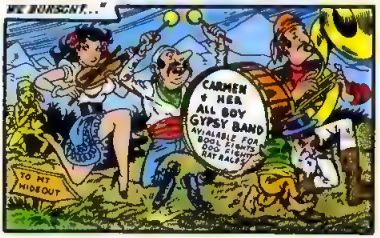
AT THIS POINT, DON JOSÉ ENTERS THE CABARET AND IS ONCE MORE STRUCK BY THE DAZZLING BEAUTY OF CARMEN. HE SITS ENTRANCED AS SHE SERENADES HIM WITH THE BEAUTIFUL: *"LE PAPILLION ET LA MOUCHE A FEU"*... ROUGHLY TRANSLATED: *"AW, YOUR FATHER'S MOUSTACHE!"*..

SUDDENLY, THE LOVERS' TRYST IS INTERRUPTED BY THE ARRIVAL OF CAPITAN ZUNIGA, HANDSOME DON JOSÉ'S C.O., WHO ORDERS THE DRAGOON TO RETURN TO HIS PLATOON... BUT SOON! DON JOSÉ'S PASSION FOR THE TEMPESTUOUS CARMEN IS TOO STRONG, HOWEVER, AND HE REFUSES. A BATTLE FOLLOWS, DURING WHICH THE TWO SOLDIERS BLEND VOICES IN THE ROUSING...



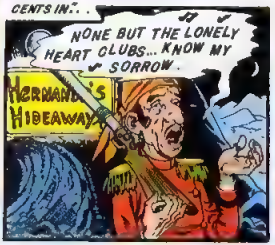
THE DUEL IS BROUGHT TO A SCREECHING HALT BY THE INTERVENTION OF CARMEN'S HENCHMEN, WHO, IN A SURPRISE *CUL-DE-SAC*, BIND AND GAG THE HELPLESS CAPITÁN...

AND SO, DON JOSÉ, UNWILLING TO SUFFER THE WRATH OF HIS COMMANDING OFFICERS, IS FORCED TO DESERT THE ARMY AND JOIN CARMEN'S GYPSY BAND. THE ACT II CURTAIN DESCENDS TO THE LIVELY STRAINS OF: "*LA MAISON EST PETITE, ET DEVANT LA MAISON DANS LE BOIS EST LE LOUP*?..OR "*WE'RE GONNA EAT BEET SOUP TILL WE BORSCHT...*"

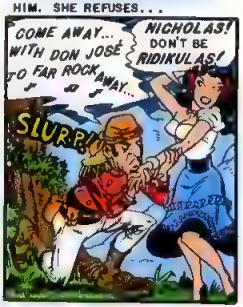


ACT III IS SET AT THE GYPSY'S MOUNTAIN HIDEAWAY. AS THE CURTAIN GOES UP, WE FIND DON JOSÉ, A SMUGGLER FOR THE PAST 3 MONTHS, STANDING GUARD DUTY OUTSIDE THE SMUGGLER'S CAVE...

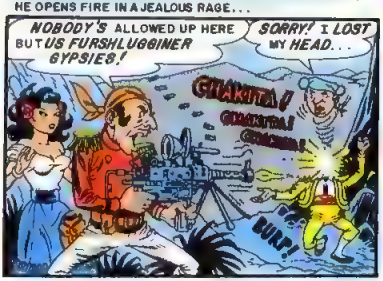
HOMESICK FOR THE HAPPY ARMY LIFE HE HAS ABANDONED AND CONSCIENCE-STRICKEN OVER HIS PRESENT LIFE OF CRIME, HE SINGS THE HAUNTING ARIA: "*OUVREZ VOTRE BOUCHE ET PARLEZ DISTINCTEMENT*"...WHICH MEANS: "THREE COINS IN THE FOUNTAIN... BECAUSE YOU HADDA STICK YOUR TWO CENTS IN."...



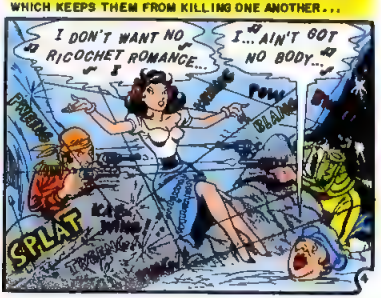
CARMEN COMES UPON THE SCENE AND THE UNHAPPY EX-CORPORAL BEGS HER TO GIVE UP THIS WILD GYPSY LIFE AND RUN AWAY WITH HIM. SHE REFUSES...



SUDDENLY, DON JOSÉ SEES A STRANGER MAKING HIS WAY UP THE MOUNTAIN PATH. RECOGNIZING HIM AS ESCAMILLO, THE BULLFIGHTER, COME TO WOO CARMEN, HE OPENS FIRE IN A JEALOUS RAGE...



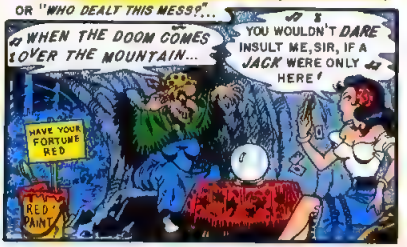
THE TWO SUITORS ENGAGE IN A PITTED BATTLE FOR THE HAND OF CARMEN, AND IT IS ONLY HER INTERVENTION WHICH KEEPS THEM FROM KILLING ONE ANOTHER...



ESCAMILLO LEAVES, BUT NOT BEFORE INVITING THE GYPSIES TO SEVILLE THE FOLLOWING SUNDAY TO WATCH HIM THROW THE BULL. THIS IS DONE WITH AN INTRICATE DUET, MADE DOUBLY DIFFICULT BY THE FACT THAT HE SINGS BOTH PARTS HIMSELF...

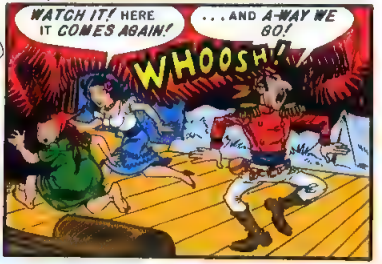
I PUT YOUR HEAD ON MY SHOULDER! YOU NEED SOMEONE WHO'S OLDER!
I GET ALONG WITHOUT YOU VERY WELL...
GYPSY FOR HIRE! HAVE OWN TEA LEAVES • WILL TRAVEL

CARMEN, CURIOUS AS TO HOW HER AFFAIR WITH THE TOREADOR WILL END, TURNS TO THE FORTUNE-TELLER'S CARDS FOR THE ANSWER. BUT NO MATTER HOW THE CARDS ARE SHUFFLED AND RESHUFFLED, THE ANSWER ALWAYS COMES OUT THE SAME... *DOOM!* THIS PROMPTS HER TO SING THE MOURNFUL ARIA: *"FIRMEZ LA PORTE, S'IL VOUS PLAIT"*.. OR *"WHO DEALT THIS MESS?"*...


WHEN THE DOOM COMES OVER THE MOUNTAIN...
YOU WOULDN'T DARE INSULT ME, SIR, IF A JACK WERE ONLY HERE!
HAVE YOUR FORTUNE RED
RED PAINT

MICHAELA SHOWS UP AGAIN. SHE HAS COME TO THE GYPSY CAMP TO TELL DON JOSÉ THAT HIS MOTHER IS DYING AND WISHES TO SPEAK TO HIM. WE NOW HEAR THE FAMOUS DUET: *"EN TOUTES LES FORFAITES, CHERCHEZ LA FEMME"*.. ENGLISH TRANSLATION: *"IF YOU'RE TAKING THE CAR TONIGHT, DRIVE CAREFULLY, BECAUSE I'LL BE OUT WALKING."*.

BEFORE SETTING OUT ON HIS LONG JOURNEY, THE LOVE-SICK DON JOSÉ VISITS CARMEN'S TENT AND WARNS HER NOT TO LEAVE THE CAMP UNTIL HE RETURNS. HE VOWS TO KILL HER IF SHE DOES. WITH THIS DREARY NOTE, THE CURTAIN COMES HURTLING DOWN ON ACT III...



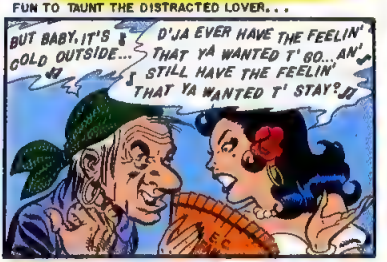
AS THE CURTAIN RISES ON THE FOURTH AND FINAL ACT, IT IS THE FOLLOWING SUNDAY. WE SEE CARMEN, WHO HAS DISOBEYED DON JOSÉ'S INSTRUCTIONS, AT THE BULL-FIGHT ARENA IN SEVILLE, WAITING TO SEE ESCAMILLO PERFORM...

THE COLORFUL PAGEANT OF THE BULL FIGHT UNFOLDS WITH THE ENTRANCE OF THE MATADORS, THE PICADORS, AND THE TOREADORS THROUGH THE SWINGING-DOORS... FOLLOWED BY A PROCESSION OF CUSPIDORS...

FOR, HE'S JUST MY BULL... AN ORDINARY GUY...
OH GIVE ME SOMETHING TO DISMEMBER YOU BY...
P-TEW, P-TEW, P-TEW... THESE ARE FOR THE P-TEW, P-TEW, P-TEW...

NOW THE GREAT ESCAMILLO APPEARS. HE STRIDES ACROSS THE SAND AND LAVISHES A DEEP BOW ON CARMEN, THEREBY DEDICATING THE FIRST BULL TO HER. IN AN EQUALLY TENDER GESTURE, THE RAVISHING GYPSY REMOVES THE FLOWER FROM HER HAIR AND TOSSES IT TO ESCAMILLO...

A FRIEND OF CARMEN ADVISES HER THAT DON JOSÉ IS OUTSIDE THE ARENA AND WANTS TO SPEAK WITH HER. SHE ADVISES CARMEN AGAINST GOING, FEARING VIOLENCE ON THE PART OF THE EX-CORPORAL. BUT CARMEN, WITH TYPICAL GYPSY FOOLHARDINESS, FEELS IT WILL BE FUN TO TAUNT THE DISTRACTED LOVER...



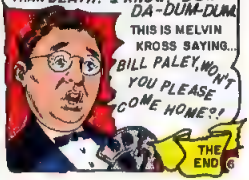
DON JOSÉ TRIES ALL MANNER OF PERSUASION TO WIN BACK THE HEART OF THE FICKLE GYPSY. HE CONFRONTS HER WITH THE PLEADING TRAGIC AREA: "DONNEZ-MOI UN CHAISE-LONGUE, MON PETITE"... OR "I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO WAIT IN THE CAVE!"...

BUT CARMEN'S ONLY ANSWER TO DON JOSE'S ARDENT PROTESTATIONS OF LOVE IS TO TAUNT HIM WITH THE NAME OF ESCAMILLO, HER NEWLY-ACQUIRED LOVER. THEN SHE LAUGHS IN HIS FACE WITH THE DELIGHTFULLY LYRICAL...

NOW, DON JOSÉ REALIZES THAT HE HAS BEEN BETRAYED BY THE WOMAN FOR WHICH HE TOSSED ASIDE A PROMISING ARMY CAREER. IN A FINAL, TUMULTUOUS DUET, HE FLIES INTO A RAGE, AND PLUNGES A KNIFE INTO HER HEART TO THE STRAINS OF...

THE EMBITTERED LOVER, REALIZING WHAT HE HAS DONE, THROWS HIMSELF ACROSS THE LIFELESS BODY OF CARMEN AND CURSES THE CRUEL INJUSTICE OF LIFE. ESCAMILLO, MEANWHILE, LEAVES THE ARENA WITH NEW-FOUND ADMIRERS ON EACH ARM, SCARCELY CONCERNED WITH CARMEN'S DEMISE. AS THE CURTAIN DESCENDS, THE ENTIRE CHORUS JOINS IN THE STIRRING STRAINS OF: "LE GRAN'MERE ET LE PETITE FILS FONT L'ECOLE BUISSONNIERE" WHICH MEANS: "MONEY CAN'T BUY HAPPINESS, BUT IT SURE HELPS MAKE A BIG DOWN-PAYMENT...

ON SEPT. 16TH, 1823, TRIAL WAS HELD IN SUPERIOR COURT FOR IN AND AROUND THE COUNTY OF SEVILLE, THE DEFENDENT, DON JOSÉ, WAS FOUND "GUILTY OF MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE" AND SENTENCED TO WATCH ALL OF NEXT SEASON'S PRESENTATIONS AT THE "MET", WHICH IS A *FATE* WORSE THAN *DEATH!* I KNOW! DUM-DA-DUM-DUM.



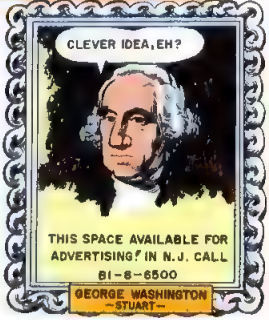
ART APPRECIATION DEPT: EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE, YOU READ ABOUT FAMOUS PAINTINGS UNDERGOING REMARKABLE TRANSFORMATIONS WHILE IN THE PROCESS OF BEING CLEANED AND RESTORED. NEW DETAILS APPEAR, OLD DETAILS DISAPPEAR, COSTUME CHANGES TAKE PLACE, DAY TURNS INTO NIGHT AND VICE VERSA, AND NEW MEANINGS TO THESE MASTERPIECES ARE SUDDENLY REVEALED. RECENTLY THE EDITORS OF PANIC HAVE BEEN SNEAKING AROUND MUSEUMS AND ART GALLERIES WITH ALL KINDS RAGS AND ALL KINDS CLEANING FLUIDS. AFTER MUCH DILIGENT SCRAPING AND SCOURING, WE ARE ABLE TO PRESENT, FOR THE FIRST TIME, HITHERTO UNHIDDEN DETAILS FOUND IN SOME OF THE WORKS OF THE OLD MASTERS YOU HAVE BEEN ADMIRING ALL YOUR LIFE. JOIN US NOW AS...

PANIC PEEKS INTO SOME OLD UNDER PAINTS

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON
—RAPHEAL—

HALS
A FOOL WITH A LUTE
OR
NEVER FOOL WITH A LUTE
OR
A FOOL AND HIS LOOT ARE SOON PARTED

SLEEPING GYPSY
—ROUSSEAU—



GEORGE WASHINGTON
—STUART—

...AND THEN LADIES, WHEN YOU'RE SURE THE BATTER IS GOOD AND THICK, YOU SLOWLY BLEND IN ONE PITCHER OF SOUR CREAM...
APPLAUSE MACHINE
WHO WAS THAT LADLE I SAW YOU WITH LAST NIGHT?
THAT WAS NO LADLE THAT WAS MY SPOON!
THE COOK
—VERMEER—

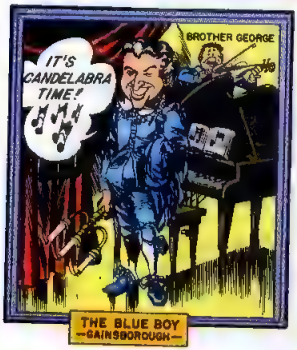
CHOMP! CHOMP! CHOMP! EEHH! WHAT'S UP DOC?
WHUT IS UPDOC?
BUNNY HUG
FOR SPLITTING HARES
BOY WITH A RABBIT
—RAEBURN—

THE SHRIMP GIRL
—HOGARTH—

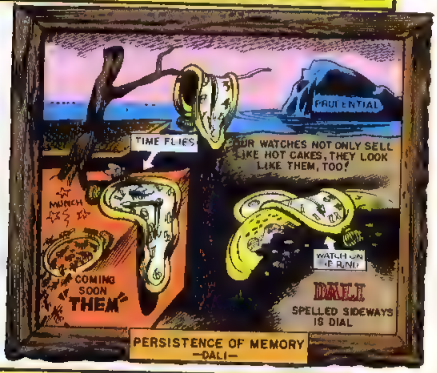
HOW TO BREAK THE OPIUM HABIT
WHO WAS THAT TUBA I SAW YOU OUT WITH LAST NIGHT?
THAT WAS NO TUBA THAT WAS MY FIFE!
THE FIFER
—MANET—

TWO HOURS AND NOT ONE NIBBLE!
DON'T WORRY! SOMEONE'S BOUND TO NOTICE US!
AHH! A RARE SPECIMEN!! A CIGARETTE BUTT WITH NO FILTER!
I DIDN'T KNOW YOUR DOG COULD READ A NEWSPAPER!
OH, YES! HE'S VERY FOND OF THE COLUMNS!
CAN I SEE THE FUNNIES WHEN YOU'RE FINISHED?
IMAGINE THAT! A TALKING DOG!
THAT'S NICE, BUT DON'T FIGHT!
LOOK, MA! I'M DANCIN'!
I HOPE THIS RAIN KEEPS UP!
THEN IT WON'T COME DOWN!
DID WE PASS THE TURNSTILE YET, MA?
SEURAT

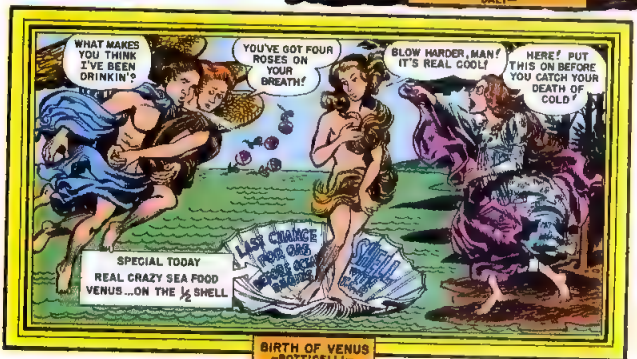
SUNDAY AFTERNOON ON THE ISLAND OF LA GRANDE JATTE
—SEURAT—



THE BLUE BOY
—GAINSBOROUGH—



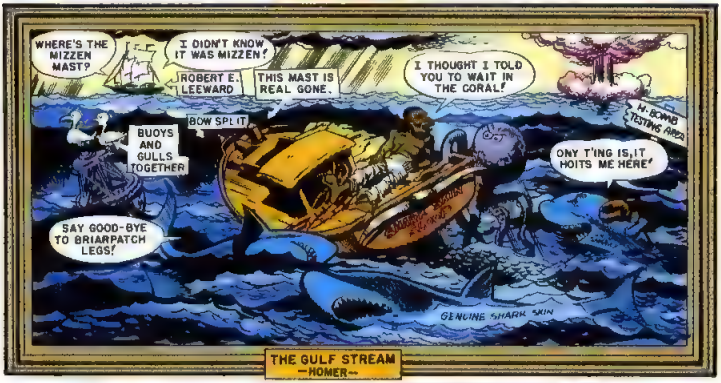
PERSISTENCE OF MEMORY
—DALI—


WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'VE BEEN DRINKIN'?
YOU'VE GOT FOUR ROSES ON YOUR BREATH!
BLOW HARDER, MAN! IT'S REAL COOL!
HERE! PUT THIS ON BEFORE YOU CATCH YOUR DEATH OF COLD!
SPECIAL TODAY
REAL CRAZY SEA FOOD
VENUS...ON THE ½ SHELL
LAST CHANCE FOR GAS
SHELL

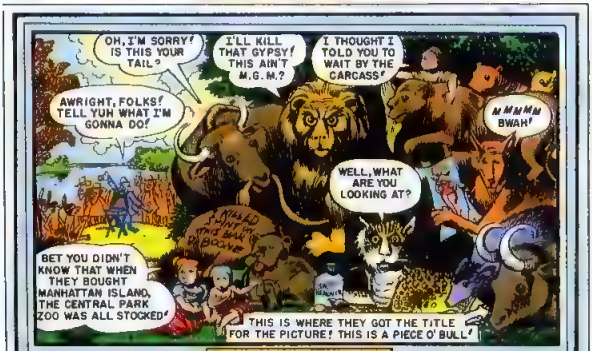
BIRTH OF VENUS
—BOTTICELLI—

OOPS!
WHO WAS THAT LEVEE I SAW YOU WITH LAST NIGHT?
THAT WAS NO LEVEE. THAT WAS MY DYKE!
PUT A HEAD ON THIS, WILL YOU MELVIN?
HACK 'EM UP AGAIN, JOE!
HEY, THIS IS A STAG PARTY! WHO LET THE DAME IN?
IT ONLY RUNS AT NIGHT!
SOME WATCH!
DIS MUS' BE DE PLACE!
THAT MUTT BETTER NOT GET ANY IDEAS!

THE NIGHT WATCH
—REMBRANDT—


WHERE'S THE MIZZEN MAST?
I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS MIZZEN!
ROBERT E. LEEWARD
THIS MAST IS REAL GONE.
I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO WAIT IN THE CORAL!
H-BOMB TESTING AREA
BOW SPLIT
BUOYS AND GULLS TOGETHER
ONY T'ING IS, IT HOITS ME HERE!
SAY GOOD-BYE TO BRIARPATCH LEGS!
GENUINE SHARK SKIN

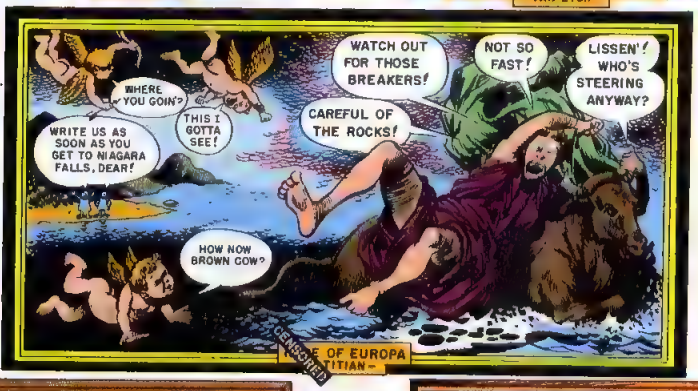
THE GULF STREAM
—HOMER—


OH, I'M SORRY! IS THIS YOUR TAIL?
I'LL KILL THAT GYPSY! THIS AIN'T M.G.M.?
I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO WAIT BY THE CARCASS!
AWRIGHT, FOLKS! TELL YUH WHAT I'M GONNA DO!
MMMM BWAH!
WELL, WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT?
I WOULD HINT IN THE BARN IS BOVINE
BET YOU DIDN'T KNOW THAT WHEN THEY BOUGHT MANHATTAN ISLAND, THE CENTRAL PARK ZOO WAS ALL STOCKED!
THIS IS WHERE THEY GOT THE TITLE FOR THE PICTURE! THIS IS A PIECE O' BULL!

THE PEACEABLE KINGDOM
—HICKS—

GET YER KHARTOUM-PICKIN' HANDS OFFA MY HORSE!
-NOT IN THE HEAD, ABOU!
I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO WAIT IN THE CARAWAN!
ARAB RIDER ATTACKED BY A LION
-DELACROIX-

PEACE!
Today STARRING DAVE ROWNY
NBC
JOHN ARNOLFINI AND HIS WIFE
-VAN EYCK-


WHERE YOU GOIN'?
THIS I GOTTA SEE!
WRITE US AS SOON AS YOU GET TO NIAGARA FALLS, DEAR!
WATCH OUT FOR THOSE BREAKERS!
NOT SO FAST!
LISSEN'! WHO'S STEERING ANYWAY?
CAREFUL OF THE ROCKS!
HOW NOW BROWN COW?
CENSORED
E OF EUROPA
TITIAN-

YOU TOO CAN DRESS NATTILY!
SO WHERE'S NATALIE?
DIG THOSE HOY ROGEN SPURS! THEY SURE DIG ME!
(ADVT) HART, SHAEFNER AND MARKED DOWN FROM $44.95
PORTRAIT OF KING CHARLES I
-VAN DYCK-

IF I MISS THIS ONE, I'M GLEANED!
HEY! NO FINCHYS!
MINE'S THE AGGIE!
THE GLEANERS
-MILLET-

WHO WAS THAT SCALPEL I SAW YOU CUT OUT WITH LAST NIGHT?
BEE? THIS IS A DUTCH TREAT!
THIS MAN IS OBVIOUSLY SUFFERING FROM ORANGE FEVER! OBSERVE THE SUNKIST NAVEL!
THAT WAS NO SCALPEL... THAT WAS MY KNIFE!
NOT IN THE STOMACH, IRVING!
BLOOD PLASMA ARTIFICIAL COLORING ADDED
BROCCOLI WITH HOLLAND DAYS SAUCER
ATHLETE'S FOOT
7 OUT OF 10 DOCTORS HAVE SWITCHED TO REMBRANDT
THE ANATOMY LESSON
—REMBRANDT—

HE'S A PEOPLE WATCHER!
OH, LOOK AT ME! I'M SO HIGH!
YOU THINK YOU'RE HIGH!
I WOULDN'T MIND BEING A WALLFLOWER IF AVA WERE MY GARDNER.
THE SWING
—FRAGONARD—

DEFINITION OF A NUDIST: A PERSON WHO WEARS ONE BUTTON
ISN'T IT DIFFICULT TO EAT SOUP WITH THAT MUSTACHE?
NO MORE CARDS FOR ME BOYS!
YES, IT'S A TERRIBLE STRAIN!
ANOTHER ONE? WHO DEALT THIS MESS?
CENSORED
"THEM" AGAIN
LUNCHEON ON THE GRASS
—MANET—

HEY, JOE! YOU GOT GHOON GUM?
SIT DOWN! YOU'RE ROCKIN' THE BOAT!
YIPE! I FORGOT MY E.C. COLLECTION!
NOW WHAT'LL WE READ?
WE'LL BE BORED EVERY MINUTE, MEN!
HOW WAS THE CROSSING?
IT WAS GEORGE ALL THE WAY!
OAR LOCKS AND BAGELS
WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE
—LEUTZE—

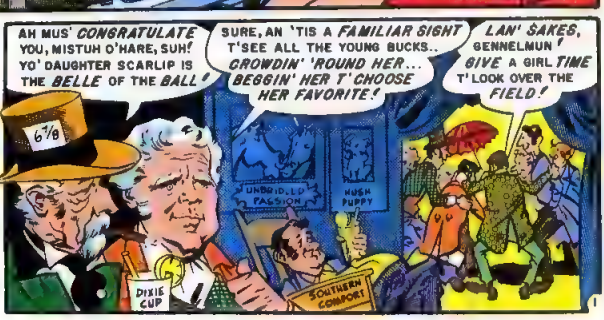
RE-ISSUED FILM CLASSIC DEPT: (IT MADE MONEY ONCE, IT CAN DO IT AGAIN...BECAUSE THIS TIME THEY NEED IT! DIVISION): BY *NOW*, THERE PROBABLY ISN'T A *PERSON* IN THE UNITED STATES OVER *SIX YEARS OLD* WHO HASN'T *SEEN* THIS *STIRRING EPIC OF THE DEEP SOUTH* AT LEAST *ONCE*...SO THERE'S *NO SENSE* GIVING YOU *OUR VERSION* OF THE *WHOLE STORY* FROM *BEGINNING* TO *END*. BESIDES... IT'S *FOUR HOURS LONG* AND *WE* ONLY GOT *SEVEN PAGES!* INSTEAD, WE THOUGHT WE'D JUST REMIND YOU OF A FEW OF THE *OUTSTANDING HIGHLIGHTS* AND *MORE MEMORABLE DRAMATIC SCENES* FROM THE *GREATEST LI'L OL' LOVE YARN EVER FILMED*... THAT *STIRRING TALE* OF AN *ERA* OF *LUXURIOUS LIVING, CRINOLINE SKIRTS*, AND *HUSHPUPPIES*, WHICH CAME TO AN *END* WITH THE *BLOODY, GORY CIVIL WAR*. HONEY CHILE, WE'RE TALKIN' 'BOUT...

GONE WITH THE WIDOW

MEMORABLE SCENE NO. 1: THE *FIRST THRILLING MEETING* BETWEEN BEAUTIFUL, PROUD, WILLFUL, TREACHEROUS *SCARLIP O'HARE*... DAUGHTER OF THE SOUTH'S RICHEST PLANTATION OWNER... AND HANDSOME, DASHING, MYSTERIOUS, SARDONIC *RHETT BUTTONS*... SON OF A GUN. WHO COULD EVER *FORGET* THIS THRILLING SCENE? *WHO? HUH? WHO?*...

HUBBA, HUBBA?
GREAT BALLS O' FIRE, MAMMY! WHO DAT MAN LOOKIN' AT ME LIKE I DIDN'T HAVE A CHEMISE ON?
WHY, SCARLIP CHILE, DAS DE NOTORIOUS MISTUH RHETT BUTTONS!
NOW, C'MON UPSTAIRS AN' LOOK FO' YO' CHEMISE, WHICH YOU FO'GOT T' PUT ON... AS USUAL!
WOOD.

REMEMBER? IT WAS AT THE PARTY WHEN *ASHCAN MILKS* ANNOUNCED HIS *ENGAGEMENT* TO SACCHARIN-SWEET *MALADIE* HAMINEGGS. REMEMBER HOW SCARLIP TRIED TO MAKE ASHCAN *JEALOUS*, BY *TEASING* ALL OF THE *ELIGIBLE BOYS* THERE? *HUH?*


AH MUS' *CONGRATULATE* YOU, MISTUH O'HARE, SUH! YO' DAUGHTER SCARLIP IS THE *BELLE* OF THE *BALL!*
SURE, AN 'TIS A *FAMILIAR SIGHT* T'SEE ALL THE YOUNG BUCKS.. *CROWDIN' 'ROUND HER... BEGGIN' HER T' CHOOSE HER FAVORITE!*
LAN' SAKES, GENNELMUN! *GIVE* A GIRL *TIME* T' LOOK OVER THE *FIELD!*
6 1/8
UNBRIDLED PASSION
HUSH PUPPY
DIXIE CUP
SOUTHERN COMFORT

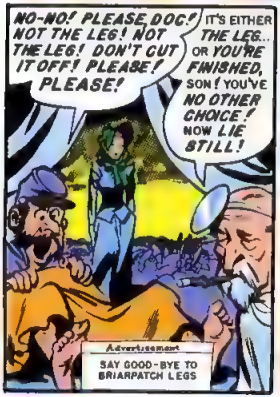
HAVE Y'ALL PICKED YO' FAVORITE YET, SCARLIP?
P-PLEASE TELL US YO' SELECTION, MISS O'HARE.
WHO DO YOU PICK, MISS SCARLIP?
TELL US WHO YOU LIKE BEST, SCARLIP?
AH THINK YOU GENNELMUN WILL BE HAPPY T'KNOW AH'VE FINALLY MADE MAH DECISION!
SOUTHERN BELL
AH LIKE "FIDDLE-DEE-DEE"... IN THE SIXTH... AT... BELMONT!
GOLLY, THANKS MISS SCARLIP!
SHE'S NEVER BEEN WRONG YET!
BUT THEN, "KIND MUDDER" LOOKS MIGHTY GOOD TOO! AH'LL PLAY 'EM BOTH.
RACING FORM
IT'S WAH! WAH! MISTUH LINCOLN HAS DECLAYUD WAH!
YAHOO!
IT'S BROTHER AGAINST BROTHER!
I ALWAYS WANTED TO POKE YOU IN THE NOSE!
I'M GONNA ENLIST!
ME TOO!
GREAT BALLS O' FIRE!
AH JUS' HATE THAT MISTUH LINCOLN YO' DECLAYRUN WAR RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE O' THE PARTY! NOW ASHCAN'S RUN OFF... AN' AH'LL NEVUH SEE HIM AGAIN. THAT IS... UNLESS I MARRY MALADIE HAMINEGG'S BROTHER! AN THERE THE SHMOE IS! HEY! SHMOE!
CALL-O' IN LI'L OL' ME, MISS SCARLIP?
BOING!
WUF WOOF
MEMORABLE SCENE NO. 2: REMEMBER THE ROLLICKING SCENE IN WHICH SCARLIP, A WIDOW OF ONLY TWO MONTHS, (SHE DID MARRY THE SHMOE BUT HE DIED OF ACUTE ATHLETE'S FEET)... ATTENDS A FUND-RAISING DANCE IN HONOR OF THE WEAK-ENED SOUTHERN LINE... AND RUNS INTO A STRONG NORTHERN LINE, HANDED OUT BY THE GUY FROM THE PARTY... THE LEERING ONE... NOTORIOUS RHETT BUTTONS HIMSELF! REMEMBER? HUH?
WELL! WIDOW HAMINEGG! WE MEET AGAIN!
SO WHAT'S NEW?
SO WHAT COULD BE NEW?
KISSES 3 FOR $1.00 NO RAIN CHECKS
O.P.A. LIST PRICES SHORT KISS-25¢ LONG KISS-50¢ PASSIONATE KISS- I'LL PAY YOU!
NO CREDIT
NO CONFEDERATE MONEY
PUCKER SUCKER
FALSE TEETH
ALL RIGHT, BABY! NOW THAT THE SCHOOL-BOYS ARE OUT OF THE WAY, LET A REAL HE-MAN SHOW YOU HOW TO KISS!
I KNOW HOW TO TREAT SOUTHERN FREUD CHICKENS!
OH! YOU'RE SO FORCEFUL!
C'MERE...
CRUNCH!
2

AH BEG YO' PAHDON, BUT AH'M COLLECTIN' *GOLD* FO' THE *CONFEDERATE CAUSE!* HAVE Y'ALL ANYTHIN' T' *CONTRIBUTE?*
PANT...PANT.. *HERE!* AH'LL GIVE MY *GOLD WEDDIN' RING!*
CLOSED FOR REPAIRS
AN' *I'LL* GIVE THE *OLD GOLD* IN THIS *CIGARETTE CASE!*

OH, *NO*, MR. BUTTONS! *NOT* YOUR *SOLID GOLD CIGARETTE CASE!*
WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT THE *CASE?* THERE'S A HALF-SMOKED *OLD GOLD BUTT* INSIDE. YOU CAN HAVE *THAT!* JUS' DON'T TOUCH THE *CHESTERFIELD, LUCKIES,* AND *CAMELS BUTTS.* SOME OF 'EM ONLY BEEN PINCHED *TWICE.*

MEMORABLE SCENE NO. 3: REMEMBER THE *POIGNANT SCENE* IN WHICH *SCARLIP*, TRAPPED IN ATLANTA BY SHERMAN'S ADVANCING ARMY, HAS HER FIRST LESSONS IN *SOUTHERN HOSPITAL*-ITY, BY CARING FOR THE SICK AND WOUNDED CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS IN THE *MAKE-SHIFT DISPENSARY* SET UP IN THE BESIEGED CITY'S *POST-OFFICE.* REMEMBER THE *GORE?! UUUGGH!*

P-PLEASE, *NURSE!* GIVE *ME* SOME *PENNICILLIN!*
AH CAIN'T, IDIOT! IT AIN'T BEEN *DISCOVERED* YET!
OOOOO, MMM
DOES IT *HURT* MUCH?
ONLY WHEN I *LAUGH!*
QUICK, SCARLIP! *IN HERE!* YOU MUST *HELP ME* WITH THIS *AMPUTATION!*
CRUNCH!


NO-NO! PLEASE, DOC! NOT THE LEG! NOT THE LEG! DON'T CUT IT OFF! PLEASE! PLEASE!
IT'S EITHER *THE LEG...* OR *YOU'RE FINISHED,* SON! YOU'VE *NO OTHER CHOICE!* NOW *LIE STILL!*
Advertisement
SAY GOOD-BYE TO BRIARPATCH LEGS

NO! NO!
THERE! IT'S OFF! YOU'RE *LUCKY* I DON'T *TURN YOU IN* FOR *HORDING* FOOD DURING *WARTIME!*
'SPECIALLY CHICKEN *LEGS! THEY'RE* MY FAVORITE!
SNIFF! SNIFF!
OOOHH... I'M SICK!
MMMGH!

AND SAY... TALK ABOUT MEMORABLE SCENES! HOW ABOUT THE ONE IN WHICH SCARLIP AND RHETT ESCAPE THE BESIEGED AND BURNING CITY OF ATLANTA IN A STOLEN HORSE AND WAGON WITH MALADIE AND HER NEW-BORN BABY IN THE BACK?
HOW ABOUT THAT?
DO TRY TO HURRY, RHETT! I WANT TO BE HOME IN TIME TO HEAR THE 10 P.M. NEWS WITH FRANK EDWARDS!
I'M DOING THE BEST I CAN, BABY... BUT IT'S TOUGH BUCKING THIS RUSH-HOUR TRAFFIC! GIDDAP, ULYSSES!
HOLOCAUST OF THOUSANDS
WELL, BABY! I GOT YOU THROUGH THE ENEMY LINES AND NOW I'M LEAVIN' YUH! FROM NOW ON, YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN!
YOU'RE LEAVING!? BUT WHERE WILL YOU GO? WHAT WILL YOU DO?
WHY, I'M GONNA JOIN THE ARMY, SCARLIP! THERE MAY STILL BE TIME TO GET IN ON THAT 52-20 DEAL!
BUT, RHETT! YOU MIGHT BE KILLED IN THIS HORRIBLE OL' WAR! YOU MIGHT...
I'M NO FOOL, SCARLIP! THE WAR ENDED THREE DAYS AGO... AT APPAPOTOMIX... HIPPOPOTIMUS... APPOPITOMAX... THE SOUTH SURRENDERED!
...BESIDES! WHAT COULD HAPPEN TO ME!? I'M THE HERO... AND THE PICTURE ISN'T EVEN HALF OVER YET! NOW, C'MERE... AND GIVE ME A GREAT BIG HUG AND KISS FOR GETTING YOU HOME SAFELY...
I'M NOT THAT KIND OF A GIRL, RHETT BUTTONS. AND WHAT WOULD THE NEIGHBORS THINK?
ONCE MORE RE-UNITED WITH HER FAMILY ON THE BELOVED RED EARTH OF TARA-RA-BOOM-TEE-AY, SCARLIP VOWS TO RESTORE THE BURNED, SHELL-POCKED LAND TO THE BEAUTIFUL, THRIVING COTTON PLANTATION IT ONCE WAS... AT ALL COSTS, AND SO, DOGGEDLY, DETERMINED, SHE SETS TO WORK... SETS EVERYBODY TO WORK...
REMEMBER THIS SCENE?
LISTEN, DAUGHTER! YOU CAN'T DRIVE YOUR SISTERS THAT WAY! IT ISN'T FITTIN' T'DRIVE THEM THAT WAY! IT ISN'T HUMAN!
AW, GET YER COTTON-PICKIN' HANDS OFF ME, PA!
...AN' BESIDES! YOU HAVEN'T GOT A DRIVER'S LICENSE!
COTTON
ARE THE HORSES SHOD LIKE I TOL' YUH?
ULP! DID YOU SAY "SHOD"?
QUICK, SCARLIP! THERE'S A #@?&%! YANKEE MARAUDER IN THE HOUSE!
YOU JUST STAY HERE, MALADIE! AH'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT #@?&%! YANKEE!

HELLO, SISTER! WHY CAN'T YOU AN' ME BE FRIENDS? US #@?!..x! YANKEES DON'T HOLD NUTHIN' AGAINST YOU REBEL GIRLS! REMEMBER! TO ERR IS HUMAN...BUT IT FEELS DIVINE!
DON'T Y'ALL TAKE ANOTHER STEP MISTUH #@!..!! YANKEE, OR AH'LL LET YOU HAVE IT RIGHT BETWEEN YO' LI'L OL' EYEBALLS!
ALL YOU #@?..!! YANKEES...COMIN' 'ROUND HERE AN' SCRATCHIN' UP MAH NICE MARBLE FLOORS WITH THOSE HORRIBLE OL' SPIKES! IT MAKES ME SO STEAMIN' MAD! AN' BESIDES...YO' GOT NO CHEWIN' GUM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLOM!
Advertisement
WHY SUFFER FROM ENLARGED PORES?
REMEMBER THAT HEART-RENDING RENUNCIATION SCENE WHEN SCARLIP DISCOVERS THAT THE LOVE SHE HAS GUARDED FOR ASHCAN MILKS ALL THESE YEARS HAS BEEN FOR NAUGHT?
REMEMBER THE SCENE IN THE WOODSHED WHEN SCARLIP GETS SLAPPED DOWN?
REMEMBER IT? HAH?
OH, ASHCAN...HONEY...IT'S SO WONDERFUL TO HAVE YOU HOME AGAIN!
YES, SCARLIP! IT'S GOOD TO RETURN TO MY BELOVED WIFE MALADIE AND MY 10-MONTH-OLD BABY AFTER 3 LONG YEARS OF BEING AWAY! I'D FORGOTTEN EVERYTHING I EVER LEARNED ABOUT LOVE AND TRUTH AND BEAUTY IN THOSE 3 YEARS!
YOU SEEM TO HAVE GOTTEN A LITTLE RUSTY ON YOUR ARITHMETIC, TOO, ASHCAN, BOY!
OH, ASHCAN! WHY DON'T WE RUN AWAY TOGETHER... JUST YOU AND I? WE CAN BE HAPPY TOGETHER! I KNOW I CAN MAKE YOU HAPPY!
NO, SCARLIP! IT WOULDN'T WORK! MY WIFE MALADIE WOULD NEVER UNDERSTAND! SHE'S FUNNY THAT WAY!
THIS IS KNOWN AS A MASON-DIXON LINE!
SO, ASHCAN MILKS! YOU NEVER REALLY LOVED ME AT ALL! ALL THIS TIME AH'VE BEEN WAITIN' FO' YO' RETURN...WAITIN' FO' YOU T' COME AN' CRUSH ME IN YO' SPINDLY ARMS...AN' ALL THIS TIME, YOU'VE BEEN IN LOVE WITH ANOTHER!
ANOTHER WHAT?
THUD!
SCARLIP, ALREADY WIDOWED FOR THE SECOND TIME, (SHE MARRIED ANOTHER SHMOE TO SAVE TARA-RA-BOOM-TEE-AY FROM THE TAX COLLECTOR) FINALLY JOINS IN HAPPY UNION...OOPS! SORRY!... MATRIMONY WITH RHETT BUTTONS... NOW A RICH MAN AFTER 3 YEARS OF BOOTLEGGING, PLUNDERING, GUN-RUNNING, SMUGGLING, SPYING, AND SELLING SECRET PLANS TO THE ENEMY. (ACTUALLY, ALL OF THESE ILLICIT ENTERPRISES WERE JUST A FRONT FOR HIS REAL SOURCE OF INCOME...COMIC BOOK PUBLISHING!) THE HONEYMOON, ABOARD RHETT'S PRIVATE PADDLE-BOAT, STEAMING DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI, OFFERED US SUCH SPARKLING BITS OF DIALOGUE AS

THIS IS A PADDLE BOAT!?
YOU'RE PADDLING, AIN'T YUH?
ROBERT E. LEAKY
WHEN ASHORE, THE HONEYMOONERS DINED AT ONLY THE MOST EXCLUSIVE EATING PLACES.
WHAT'LL IT BE, FOLKS?
I'LL HAVE A BANANA-SPLIT-NUT-SUNDAE... WITH ONE BALL OF PICKLED HUCKLEBERRY ICE CREAM AND ONE BALL OF SWEET-AND-SOUR ARTICHOKE ICE CREAM.
MAKE THAT TWO!
SALE CUT RATE OPIUM
ALL KINDS DRUGS
ICE CREAM 208 FLAVORS — GO AHEAD ASK ME!
FOR THOSE FIRST GAY CAREFREE MONTHS OF MARRIAGE, SCARLIP WAS HAPPIER THAN SHE HAD EVER BEEN IN HER WHOLE LIFE. BUT THEN... JUST AS QUICKLY AS IT HAD BEEN KINDLED, THE FLAME OF LOVE THAT BURNED IN HER HEART FOR THE ROUGH AND MASTERFUL RHETT STARTED TO WANE!
REMEMBER THE SCENE IN WHICH SHE LOCKS HIM OUT OF HER BEDROOM?
REMEMBER?
RHETT! AH WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT AH'M LOCKIN' MY DOOR TONIGHT!
THAT'S OKAY WITH ME, BABY! I KNOW PLENTY OF WAYS TO AMUSE MYSELF! AFTER ALL, I WASN'T A BATCHELOR FOR 30 YEARS FOR NOTHING, Y'KNOW! IF YOU WANT ME, I'LL BE AT BELLE BOTTOM'S PLACE!
WELL, HERE I AM AT BELLE BOTTOM'S PLACE... AND BOY, AM I AMUSIN' MYSELF! HO! HO! AM I HAVING FUN!
SHUCKS! I TILTED IT!
AND THAT WAS MY LAST CONFEDERATE NICKLE, TOO!
I MIGHT AS WELL GO HOME!
TILT
YOU'LL NOT LOCK YOUR DOOR TONIGHT, SCARLIP!
I KNOW MY RIGHTS AS A HUSBAND AND BY GOLLY, NO FURSHLUGGINER DOOR IS GOING TO KEEP ME FROM MY RIGHT TO ENJOY MYSELF...
KRUMF!
THIS PINBALL MACHINE I HAD INSTALLED IN YOUR BEDROOM IS HALF MINE, AND I'VE GOT A RIGHT TO PLAY IT ANYTIME I WANT!
BESIDES, IT PAYS OFF BETTER THAN THE ONE AT BELLE'S PLACE!
TILT
DING DANGGG

REMEMBER THE FINAL, EMOTION PACKED SCENE IN WHICH SCARLIP, FURIOUS AT RHETT'S COOL INDIFFERENCE TOWARD HER, LUNGES BLINDLY AT HIM FROM ATOP THE LANDING OF THEIR VELVET CARPETED STAIR-CASE... AND MISSES!
RHETT BUTTONS! YOU'RE JUST A CALLOUSED, HEART-LESS CUR! TAKE THAT.. OOOPS!
I KNEW THIS TURTLE-NECK SWEATER YOU KNITTED FOR ME WOULD COME IN HANDY SOMEDAY!
OUT TO LUNGE
HOPE YOU LIKE YOUR TRIP...THIS FALL!
OL' GRANDAD
GENERAL B. HOSSIPAW
BDOINK!
BDOINK!
THUD!
H-HELP ME, RHETT!
AH'M WEAK!
AH'M HELPLESS!
AH' CAIN'T MOVE A MUSCLE!
WELL, THEN, I GUESS THIS IS A GOOD TIME FOR ME TO TELL YOU THAT I'VE GOT MY CARPET-BAGS PACKED AND I'M LEAVIN' YOU, SCARLIP!
LEAVING!? AS I SAID ON PAGE FOUR, PANEL THREE... WHERE WILL YOU GO? WHAT WILL YOU DO?
S'MATTER?! YOU DON'T BELIEVE HER?! YOU GOTTA CHECK?! THAT'S WHAT SHE SAID! TAKE MY WORD FOR IT!
SO LONG, BABY!
BUT, RHETT! WAIT! YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME LIKE THIS! HOW WILL I RUN TARA-RA-BOOM-TEE-AY ALL BY MYSELF? AT LEAST SIGN OVER YOUR HYDRO-ELECTRIC DAM TO ME SO I CAN IRRIGATE THE PEANUT CROP! PLEASE, RHETT! PLEASE!
NEXT WK: DEATH OF A SALESMAN
FRANKLY, SCARLIP! I DON'T GIVE A HYDRO-ELECTRIC DAM!
@#!*: OUR HOME
THE SOUTH SHALL RISE AGAIN!
IT MUST BE FUNNY... BUT I CAN'T THINK ABOUT IT NOW! I'LL THINK ABOUT IT TOMORROW!
EDITOR'S NOTE:
FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO STILL CAN'T PIECE THE STORY TOGETHER FROM THE HIGHLIGHTS WE'VE JUST OFFERED HERE, WE RECOMMEND THAT YOU CATCH GWTW'S NEXT REVIVAL. JUST ONE WORD OF WARNING! TAKE AN OLD INNER TUBE TO THE MOVIE WITH YOU! THE PICTURE IS FOUR HOURS LONG... AND YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THAT KIND OF TIME ON A MOVIE SEAT CAN DO TO YOUR...
-END-